

英文原版
电影同名小说

MARVEL
CIVIL WAR
CAPTAIN AMERICA

美国队长：内战 ③

(赠英文音频与单词随身查APP)

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Prologue



1991, Somewhere in the Soviet Union

A Soviet officer named Karpov punched the secret code into the keypad protecting a secure locker deep inside a remote base that did not appear on any map. The door opened, and he

removed a small red book. It contained, among other top-secret information, the elaborate series of command words that would reactivate the experimental subject known as the Winter Soldier. This was only to be done for critical missions, but Karpov had just such a mission to complete. Only the legendary Winter Soldier could be trusted to do it.

As Karpov entered the laboratory, the Winter Soldier, barely conscious, was taken out of his stasis tube and brought into the laboratory. Soldiers locked him into a chair with a metal framework overhead, taking special care to secure his cybernetic arm. The containment divide dropped down to lock in place around his head. Karpov nodded at a technician, who activated large electrodes. Their crackle filled the room along with the Winter Soldier's screams.

Karpov cared nothing for the Winter Soldier's pain. He only wanted a functional asset to execute the mission.

When the electrodes had finished their work, the Winter Soldier slumped, limp in the chair. Karpov opened the book and began to read in Russian. "Longing. Rusted. Seventeen. Daybreak. Furnace." Each word slotted into the Winter Soldier's head like a puzzle piece, slowly putting his mind back together. "Nine. Benign. Homecoming. One. Freight car."

The Winter Soldier raised his head, eyes focused.

"Good morning, soldier," Karpov said. He set the red book on a table near where the Winter Soldier, shackled and sweating, sat.

The Winter Soldier looked him in the

eye. Did he remember that he had once been James Buchanan Barnes, best friend of Captain America? Could he? Karpov did not know and did not care. The important thing was what the Winter Soldier could do. The command words removed his willpower, and that was all that mattered.

“Ready to comply,” the Winter Soldier said.

Karpov nodded. “I have a mission for you. Sanction and extract. No witnesses.”



The Winter Soldier took his time observing the targets to establish their patterns. He chose the perfect night to execute the mission. When the moment came, he pursued the targets' vehicle, a stylish town car, down a remote country

road. He shot out a front tire and the car crashed into a tree. Then he opened the trunk and found the object he'd been assigned to recover: a steel briefcase. He did not know what it contained, but that was not part of his mission. When he had secured the case, he made sure there would be no witnesses. The two people in the car would look as if they had died in the crash. The mission went precisely as planned.



When the Winter Soldier returned to base, the only thing Karpov said before scrambling his mind again was, “Well done, soldier.”

Chapter 01



Lagos, Nigeria

Present Day

Wanda Maximoff was dressed in her street clothes, sipping coffee on the patio of a restaurant in downtown Lagos. As an Avenger, she was known

as Scarlet Witch. She acted casual as she listened to Captain America's voice through a hidden earpiece. He was watching the area from an upper-floor window in a hotel down the block. "All right, what do you see?"

She looked around. The restaurant was across from the police station they were staking out. A pair of uniformed officers stood near the door. "Standard beat cops. Small station. Quiet street. It's a good target."

"There's an ATM in the south corner, which means—"

She knew exactly what it meant. "Cameras."

"Both cross streets are one-way?"

This didn't bother her. "So compromise the escape routes."



“Means our guy doesn’t care about being seen,” Cap said. “He isn’t afraid to make a mess on the way out. You see that SUV halfway up the block?”

She did. “You mean the red one? It’s cute.”

“It’s also bulletproof,” said Natasha Romanoff, more famously known as Black Widow, who was sitting at a nearby table. Like Wanda, she was in a civilian disguise. “Which means private security, which means more guns, which means more headaches for somebody, probably us.”

Wanda thought they were maybe worrying a little too much. “You guys know I can move things with my mind, right?”

“Looking over your shoulder needs to become second nature,” Black Widow answered. She had a good reason to feel

that way, and Wanda knew it.

From the top of a nearby office building, Sam Wilson, code-named Falcon, chimed in. “Anybody ever tell you you’re a little paranoid?”

“Not to my face. Why? Did you hear something?”

“Eyes on target, folks,” Cap said, keeping them on mission. “It’s the best lead we’ve had on Rumlow in six months. I don’t want to lose him.”

“If he sees us coming, there won’t be a problem,” Sam answered. “He kind of hates us.”

They had been looking for Brock Rumlow since he’d been unmasked as a Hydra mole inside S.H.I.E.L.D., and they’d finally tracked him down here in Lagos. They suspected he was about to attack the

police station, but they weren't certain yet.

Cap scanned the area and saw a loaded garbage truck forcing its way down a narrow side street, close to their stakeout location. As he watched, it crashed into a parked car, pushing it out of the way. Angry onlookers shouted at the driver, who ignored them. "Sam, see that garbage truck?" Cap said. "Take it."

Falcon touched a button on his armored forearm, and a bird-shaped robot took off from his back—he affectionately called it Redwing. It soared over the adjacent buildings and swooped down to street level, hovering under the truck. "Give me X-ray," Falcon said. Redwing returned a visual scan of the truck's interior directly to Falcon's goggles, along with images of the driver and data about the truck's cargo.

"The truck's loaded for max weight, and

the driver's armed," he reported.

"It's a battering ram," Natasha said.

Cap realized she was right. "Go now," he barked.

"Why?" Wanda asked.

Cap was already moving. "He's not hitting the police."

The Avengers swung into action as the garbage truck accelerated out of the narrow street and across an open square in front of a research facility. A sign near the fortified gate read, INSTITUTE FOR INFECTIOUS DISEASES. The driver dove out and rolled along the pavement as the truck smashed into the gate, destroying it and crashing to a halt on the other side.

Two box trucks appeared from another side street, following the garbage truck's path. The institute's gate guards scrambled

out of the way. A group of armed men in black body armor leaped from one of the trucks and shot their way across the parking lot, taking out all the security guards in the area. Then two of them fired gas grenades through the windows of the institute's main building.

As the gas took effect, the institute's staff dropped to the floor and lay unmoving. Masked and heavily armored men from the truck entered the building while the first combat team stood guard outside.

But they weren't counting on Captain America. He dropped over the institute's wall from a nearby building and disabled three soldiers before the rest knew he was there. From the top of a truck, he briefed the rest of the team. "Body armor. AR-15s. I make seven hostiles."

Falcon swooped low over an upper